

JW HE FELT.

NELSON WRITES A FINE LETTER TO HIS PARENTS ABOUT THE BATTLE.

Following letter from Fred Nelson to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and kindly loaned to the REGISTER is interesting as it gives the young man's personal experiences and the emotions which chased over through his mind when he fired.

20th Kans. Calocan 8-25-'99
Oaks.
I don't doubt you have been grieved in good shape for the last few days for not having written to me. I have never had time to write and now I do not know if I may write more than one line before I am stopped for a day or perhaps a month. I presume this you have become a newspaper, as well as with the situation as I am, I hope you would like to have some of it over again, especially our regiment took. I at the map I drew and sent to you very crude and much better appear in the American news-

started it. It is hard to tell, but a Nebraska outpost fired a shot that night although the outpost had been fired at the before but had orders to fire no circumstances. However it was only a question of time if the army would hold out the exasperating taunts of the army or else until the foe make an attack.

They were undoubtedly prepared to be ready than we were. I had been for at least two days trying to lead the Americans to an attack on them that they have an excuse to whip us and a Manila. Our outpost was surrounded the city, and within a few minutes from the time shots were fired the insurgents were attacking them in force on side.

Kansas outpost extended from each side across the Malabon and wagon road as far as the San R. R. tract. The farthest a patrolled about 300 or 400 feet further than the others straight the wagon road toward Calocan. When the attack was made he got back on line with the

Clark of Co. H. (who was at University my first year) was at officer of the day and he and think guards lay down there red volleys at them and retreat. I house which was the Malabon shops. But they held the line.

But they held the line. I-ate back, who on account of the firing could not tell the number of the regulars got out there. The regulars had a cannon planted at down this road with which fired grape shot at these seven.

Some of the men told me that wanted to run and did not think could hold the place but Capt. told them that they would it and the first man who ran, he I shot. So they stayed it out very unhurt. We turned out, men fell out and were in line. Assembly was blown and out they I got a little cart and pony put 500 rounds of ammunition of Mitch and Witherbourn got roneita and Victoria and all to go. We had 2,400 rounds. Our

even stay to guard us and out went. My cart was ahead and I worked and helped my little lame pony pull all this way. We got out about eleven o'clock I guess. The regiment deployed on either side of the road and the Utah battery placed two guns in the middle of the road.

About the time we were all ready the insurgents opened up on us and how the Manner bullets did pop. They sound like they were exploding right over your head. There must have been a lot of them for you could hear hundreds popping all at a time and their cannons boomed right down the road and ours replied and every company was firing volleys with their Springfield as fast as they could load. The Springfield is a very large bore rifle and makes more noise than a shot gun so you can imagine how volleys of a hundred all together and ten or twelve of these hundreds firing as fast as they could would sound.

I was about twenty feet behind the line and went to opening cartridge boxes as fast as I could as I had the only hatchet out there, a small one which Lieutenant Hull gave me. I carry it in my belt all the time in action. Was I excited? Well I guess so. It is true I was behind a tin building but the bullets came through as if it were paper, making a terrible clatter but most of them were too high to touch it. How I did pound boxes open and batter loaded cartridges in two I felt no inclination to dodge the bullets that whistled past but when ever the cannon went off I would jump three feet high and mislaid the blow I was striking. About ten times I batted my head into Brig. Gen. Otis who was passing. He is a big fat man, but he got out of the way before I came at him again. Then I began to think I was going to be hit. It didn't seem to scare me but I was as sure that I would be hit as I was that I was breathing and how I did wish it would hurry up.

A man was carried in wounded in the ankle and I imagined there were lots of them killed and so many wounded that they could not get them back as there was no ambulance there yet. But the bullet didn't come and I got more excited than ever for fear it wouldn't come and I believe if a charge had been ordered then I would have grabbed my hatchet and left every thing and gone after them my best. But after while the firing all ceased. Only one Kansas man Ziebel of M Co the flag Co. had been wounded. This man was wounded about the time Pratt was killed. Two in the battery were hurt in the leg, although hundreds of bullets came down the road and glanced off their guns.

They were unprotected but they soon threw up embankments of stone and sacks of dirt. About four o'clock I went back to town after more ammunition and did not get back until about 10 A. M. Coming back I heard heavy firing again. Our ammunition train was fired on from side streets and our guards shot two Filipinos of them. We met a Minnesota guard, city police who had been attacked there by a Filipino with a bolo (big knife or short sword) and had his arm chopped in bad shape, but the Filipino paid with his life. When we got back to the station house we stopped for a little while as the bullets were raining down the road and the officer who had charge of the ammunition guard was cautious. They had a hospital dressing station there and Private Pratt of Co. M. was brought in killed, and an old Filipino woman who had a bullet through her knee. Again I went to town and got back about one P. M. There had been very little more firing. About two P. M. an advance through the brush and swamps and down the road was ordered. The artillery went down the road, the hospital corps and three ox cart loads of ammunition following them. I think E. K. F. D. and C. Co. were deployed on the left of the road and H. I. G. M. and L. on the right. The cannon advanced to a little old stone church about half a mile. On both sides of the road were houses and shops, most of them bamboo but some of wood and stone. It was really a town or an extension of the Tondo district of Manila and is called Gagalangin. It has since been burned as the insurgents got back there and attacked our trains. Well we came quietly along and were nearly to the church when firing began behind us. The skirmishers on either side of the road had been wading through brush and through fences and had not had as easy sailing as we had. Then perhaps the bullets didn't rain. There were insurgents in some of the houses too who were firing right at us. The ammunition guards lay down behind a bamboo fence that would not stop a bullet and I had to laugh. The Lieutenant, a Leavenworth man, who had charge of the guards tickled me too. He is a little fat man and every time a bullet came within a mile he would nearly jerk his head off and then look around as if to watch the bullet. I lay down behind a big tree and the three Chinese ox drivers lay down on top of me. But the bullets came from every direction and the tree would keep them off from but one side, and it got too hot for us and we went back a couple of hundred yards but were still in front of the line for awhile. We lay down in the basement of a stone building and waited until the line was past. At first when we heard the firing back of us I could not make out what it meant. I thought that the line was ahead of us and that the insurgents had gotten in the rear of us and it was a relief when they began to come for ammunition after they got even with us. Soon after the firing ceased and Lieutenant Hull came up on a horse and sent me back to bury up some more ammunition. Before I got back they had another skirmish and drove the insurgents from their embankments which were across the road at two different places where there were bridges across two little streams. Their entrenchments and breastworks were fine but only extended across the road and did not last long against a long line of skirmishers. Then our regiment had to fall back to the little stone church, about a thousand yards, as we were that far ahead of the regulars on our right and were in danger of the shots from the fleet. Four men were wounded that afternoon. The next morning we advanced across these bridges as far as we had been the night before and dug entrenchments. We were within about one hundred yards of the first house on the outskirts of Calocan. This was Monday morning, Feb. 6. A little firing on our lines that day, night and the next day from the edges of the timber and houses in the outskirts of the town. Brigadier Gen. Otis commanding our brigade staid with the Kansas regiment all this time. On Tuesday evening, February 7, Col. Funston concluded to rid the brush of some of the sharpshooters. He took I B and C companies and charged through the woods. It was a terribly hot charge for about half an hour, or perhaps three-quarters before they were back in their trenches. Lieutenant Alford of Co. B was killed. Sergeant Sheldon of Co. F died that night of his wound. Privates McGrew, Fritz of Co. I wounded, and three others whom I do not know. I think McGrew has been sent to Ft. Co. He enlisted at Iola with the recruits. Fritz from Pittsburg was wounded in the leg but is now back on duty. The Filipinos fought like fiends and sixteen died fighting in one small rifle pit. The wounded insurgents who were able to sit up after our boys had passed and shot at them. Such ones were of course dispatched. Between thirty and forty dead were counted there. During this charge I nearly broke my back. We had two carromettas hitched up and loaded with ammunition. I jumped into one, and a man to drive the other was called for and not one of the ammunition guards moved, so a sailor who had been loading around jumped into the other and up we went. But not a guard came. I never thought of it until afterwards, but I don't know why they didn't come unless the officer of the guard was not there and they didn't care much about it unless ordered to by him.

We went up the road until we could go no further on account of burning buildings, for all buildings were fired by our men. So we stopped and taking a thousand round box (25 lbs.) apiece on our shoulders set out through the swamp over the dykes behind "I" Company. We had to go across an open field and the sailor lay down but I thought it was only a valley and knew if that box ever got off my shoulder I could not get it up again. But the bullets just poured around and the boys keep yelling "lie down" and at last down I flopped and just then the firing ceased. It was a severe little fight costing us one officer, one sergeant and five privates wounded.

We lay here until Friday and I had begun to believe that we were going to wait for reinforcements. Two

nights we were attacked by the insurgents and one night fired about 50,000 rounds of ammunition at them. One of these nights a bullet came the closest to me that I know of. Mitch and I were sleeping under a carrometta when the insurgents were firing. The bullets came pretty close and one went through the carrometta. Then we crawled behind a pile of ammunition for awhile. When firing ceased I went back to bed. About the time I would get to sleep they would begin again and I would crawl out. At last I was too sleepy and just sat up under the carrometta when zip one came between the wheel and my head and kicked up the dust in front of me about fifteen feet off. I counted lying down was best so I rolled a stone in front of my head and went to sleep.

I never have been excited enough to want or have the least desire for a bullet to strike me since the first night. Friday everything was quiet. Just after noon the Colonel asked where Lieutenant Hull was. He was in town. Colonel turned to me and said: "Nelson do you want to go to town?" A bath and shave loomed up before me and I said: "Yes I would just as leave as not." Well take the Adjutant's horse and go to the arsenal and bring 150,000 rounds of ammunition out as soon as you can. Before I got started back I heard the ships bombarding Calocan. I left the ammunition at the station house to be brought out on the train and came on but the charge had started and I never overtook them until they were the other side of Calocan.

Every house, you might say, had been fired. The church, the priest's house, the postoffice, the court house and one residence was all that was left standing of the city of Calocan, listed at 9,000 population. I forgot the machine shops of the Dagupan R. R., owned by an English syndicate. The charge was for nearly two miles through the town, which is long and narrow lying mostly along the main road, and on through the open. The Filipinos had good entrenchments in different places and a fine stone wall to fight behind. Some of them staid in the trenches and fought until death, some being killed with bayonets. No prisoners were taken and once or twice kneeling Filipinos, with hands raised were shot under orders. If they had been trained and had held out the town could not have been taken by our regiment. But most of them became panic stricken and fled. They ran a train out of the city as we advanced, which was loaded with food, goods, and women and children. We lost one man, Private Ricketts of Co. "I" was killed. About seven other men were wounded. The next day over ninety insurgents were buried. The insurgents did not have a long line of trenches. But here would be one ten or fifteen feet and then about ten rods to the rear and several rods to one side would be another and so on.

As you see "I" company has had a pretty hot time. The next morning our lines had to draw back about three fourths of a mile as they had passed Malabon and were that far ahead of the other regiments. We drew back until our line is just this side of Malabon. But a long neck of the town extends back past the left end of the line. Our lines have been attacked quite often and seven more of our men have been killed here and a good many wounded though we have fine trenches. But some of our sharpshooters are picking the men off.

The Utah Artillery and Third Artillery have four guns on our lines. Three on a hill which is fortified and called Ft. McArthur. It is located to the left of the center of our line. And one gun near the left of our line. Sometimes the canon is fired at them but they duck into holes and after the shell bursts jump right up in the smoke and wave their hats at us. They don't lack personal bravery but organization and simultaneous action.

One sharp shooter came in behind our lines and was captured about two hundred yards behind our Headquarters. He said he was sent over there by his colonel to shoot officers. The transport Grant arrived here from New York some time ago and one of the other two arrived yesterday. The last had 2000 soldiers on board. The right of the line way over by the river have been fighting for the last week or two losing quite a good many men but I know but a very little about it. How soon we will have I have no idea. News came today that the Queen had signed the treaty. The regulars who enlisted for the Spanish war will be discharged within sixty days. That will take a thousand or two from here. I suppose no volunteers will be sent home as long as they are needed here though the volunteers claim that morally speaking they enlisted only for the Spanish war.

FRED NELSON.

THE COUNTY NEWS.
Continued from 11th Page.

ELSMORE.
Chas Braden, Reporter.

May 9.—Grandfather Trammel died at his home three miles west of here May 3rd and the remains were laid to rest in the Leanna cemetery Friday morning.

Mr Richardson was up again Tuesday morning.

Mrs J P Decker has bought the Misses Buck and Mooney millinery store. Miss Maude Hiner of Bronson will do dressmaking in addition to the millinery.

A H Buck and son were up from Stark Monday.

The Elmore Dramatic Club will play "The Man from Maine" at the city hall Saturday evening May 13.

Lonise Cox visited in the country last week.

J P and M L Decker Jr were down to Stark Tuesday. Martin will put in the machinery for the new skimming station.

Mr Chas Mosier and Miss Sophia Carter were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at Iola. Success to them.

The M E quarterly meeting was

held here Sunday and Monday. Rev Carter and Presiding Elder Price of Ft Scott conducted the services.

Mr and Mrs Gullett of near Prairie Hall attended quarterly meeting here.

Stark was well represented at the quarterly meeting here there being about thirty attending.

Robt Mooney of Funston spent Sunday with his parents of this place.

Mr Krokstrom and family of Granado Texas moved to Elmore last week. This family will be a valuable addition to the town.

SOUTH MAPLE GROVE AND CENTRAL AVENUE.
O. G. Crawford, Reporter.

May 9.—Frank Woods of Salem was in our neighborhood Thursday to buy a team of work horses.

Died:—Joe, the reliable grey horse belonging to John Stevens. Joe was old enough to vote and a year to spare, but old age and a bad cold were too much for him. Peace to his bones.

Pete Saving's driving colt took a playful mood Thursday while hitched to the buggy and tried to kick Pete's hat off. He rode it home leaving the buggy at Jeddo.

A dance at Simon Klutzbach's Friday night.

Gerkens pulled their machine home last week and ground, meal and chop Wednesday. This is the second time this winter.

Mr Myers and grandchild of Emporia visited his nephew Paris Deal last week.

John Sauer has the finest mule for its age of any we have seen this year, for that matter any other year.

Pete Jury came and got the potatoes we advertised last week. He said he would probably never have heard of them if he had not seen the notice in the REGISTER.

Oscar Lash bought the Scheer house and moved it down last fall. He has everything fixed up now and it adds considerable to the value of his farm. Oscar is one of our best rustlers.

N W Crawford was in Iola Tuesday on business.

Your humble servant is hauling corn for Russell Hottenstein.

George Porter quit his job over by Moran. He says the smallpox was too close to him. It was only a little over a mile from where he worked.

Paris Deal is as proud of those twin calves as a small boy with a new knife. They both lived and are dandies.

Ed Maxwell and wife got storm-stayed Saturday night while on their way from Iola. They stayed at Mr Hartman's.

GRiffin.

May 9.—Lots of rain and crops are growing fine.

Quite a crowd collected at the school house last Sunday to hear Rev Salt but were disappointed.

Mrs Lizzie Miller was visiting at Mr Linder's last week.

Grandmother Baxley has some kind of poisoning that is giving her much trouble.

There was to have been a dance at Mr Myers last Saturday night and a fishing party down on the creek but the rain prevented both.

Mrs Nora Reinhart was visiting her mother Mrs Ulrich Wagner Tuesday.

Ed Linder was in Humboldt Monday.

Mr Stroth and Hack caught some fine fish down on Owl Creek last week.

Mr and Mrs Bennett went up to Mr Stockebrand's Sunday.

Mr John Baxley came over from Star Valley last Saturday to bring her daughter-in-law, Mrs Wm Baxley, to her mother's.

Mrs Baxley expects soon to join her husband in Oakland, Cal. Will has a good job in a wire nail factory at that place, at a nice sum per month. He likes the climate and the place and although he is missed by friends and relatives, yet we all wish him success.

MORAN.

May 10.—The graduating class and Prof Kline went to Iola Tuesday to have their pictures taken. Prof Kline left for his home in Emporia to spend the summer vacation Wednesday.

Miss McKendzie of Elmore, visited Mrs Barton Tuesday and went to Ft Scott in the evening.

Victor Wisely cut his foot badly Monday and several stitches had to be taken in it.

The C E society of the Presbyterian church spent a social evening at the parsonage Friday.

Miss Floy McGlashan visited friends in Iola last week.

Chas Cain of Chicago, visited old acquaintances here this week. He was here in the early days of Moran and his friends were glad to see him again.

Mr Willoughby is painting the front of his store.

A typographical error last week put the time of the north bound train on the M K & T at 5:50 instead of 2:50.

P J McGlashan has been making changes in his store. The prescription counter has been removed and counters have been placed at the back.

Mabel Keith went to Iola Tuesday. James McGuire and son, Charley, visiting relatives here for a short time.

Mrs Wisely and daughter, Miss Maude, came down from Blue Mound the first of the week. Maude will remain and Mrs Wisely will make a short visit.

Mrs Fessler of Ft Scott, is visiting friends here.

HUMBOLDT.

May 9.—Work has begun on the fine residence of E H Leitzbach.

G A Amos has added a room and awning to his residence.

Carl Rohrschach has his cottage near completion.

J J Amos went to Springfield, Ill., Saturday night where he will visit friends and relatives for two weeks.

House-cleaning which has been

somewhat delayed by the detention of the carpet laying firm of Smith Jones & Co. in Iola is now in full swing.

Will Hess has placed a screen around some tables in his drug store which makes an inviting retreat for ice cream soda fiends.

The weekly band concert will be given every Saturday evening this summer. Everyone who enjoys good music should remember this.

Mrs O C Brett has sufficiently recovered to be removed to her house last week.

Mr Onifert was visiting W J Pickel last week.

B S Smith returned from New York last Thursday.

Professor Jarret of the high school has a class in Zoology which he is teaching on the Agassiz plan, personal observation. The other day he asked the class if a fish had teeth. A dense silence followed his question and he dismissed the class and told them to find out. The next day the class skipped school and went fishing.

OLD ELSMORE.

May 10.—Everybody is busy. Roads need improvements. Cattle looking fine.

Mrs Holl who was the guest of Mrs Page has just returned from Indiana where she has spent part of the winter.

Old Mr Dunham is down with Brights disease and is quite sick.

Holl and Alderman went to Iola last week and brought home a team of mules.

Bill Kennedy shelled corn for J Boeken last week in the Hall vicinity.

Mrs M Williams was the guest of Mrs L Williams Wednesday.

Billy Holl visited in the Valley neighborhood.

We wish someone would start a Sunday School here on Sunday. We have a good Sunday School on Saturday yet we do need one on Sunday.

W Trumbull died at his home last Thursday. "Uncle Billy," as he was called by all, was one of the oldest settlers in this community and was well liked by all. He married Jim Ardi's widow a number of years ago and they have lived on the Ardi homestead where he died.

GOLDEN VALLEY.

Mrs Hattie Gullett, Reporter.

Fruit prospects good.

Cleaning the yard of the winter rubbish is the order of the day.

Mrs Theo Maxson has painted and added a veranda to his house.

Mrs J F Willoughby and Mrs Flora Brown were our pleasant callers Thursday. Mrs Brown is from Walnut and we had not met for a number of years. Mrs Willoughby was from Moran.

Lee mooney and millard Williams bought horses of J W Gullett Thursday.